

Tuesday, September 16, 2008

Allusions of Grandeur

I was thinking about how I was going to teach my students allusion, when suddenly an idea hit me like a blast from the gun of Optimus Prime himself: I would teach allusion by writing a short story filled with them. Top that, Socrates!

So I started typing up the sheet when suddenly I got stuck—like Augustus Gloop in the pipe. I just couldn't think of a single allusion. I usually have the Midas touch when it comes to these kinds of stories, but this time, the well of inspiration was as empty as a theatre showing a double bill of *Daddy Day Camp* and *Balls of Fury*. (Oh, the horror, the horror.)

I became Ahab, obsessed with finding an allusion. I asked my wife, but she only said, "What am I a clown? Am I here to amuse you?" So, I called up one of my colleagues, but he said, "I'll only give you one for the low price of one meeeelllion dollars. Deal or no deal?" I've never seen anyone who was such a Scrooge with his allusions.

With the speed of a Seeker during a Quidditch game, I called another one of my colleagues, even though talking to him is about as pleasant as giving Jabba the Hutt a sponge bath. He fancies himself as some all-powerful Oz, but he's usually just full of sound and fury.

When I asked him for an allusion, he replied testily, "You want the truth about allusions? You can't handle the truth about allusions!" I had to hang up, thinking to myself that I should have been a pair of ragged claws, scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

Wanting to remove this albatross from around my neck, I called another teacher and asked for help. When I told him I wanted to write a story filled with allusions, he said, "Hey, not a bad idea! Do you mind if I *use your allusions, too?*"

Now he's going to come up with his own allusion story! I couldn't believe he could be such a Judas! "Et tu, Brute!" I muttered then hung up the phone.

Finally, feeling this Atlas-like burden weighing down on me, I simply sat down at my computer and typed: "Coming up with an allusion is harder than snagging the Golden Fleece from Jonah, the Prince of Demark."

There, that should do the trick.